

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Martian Mopheads
go on the rampage in
DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP!

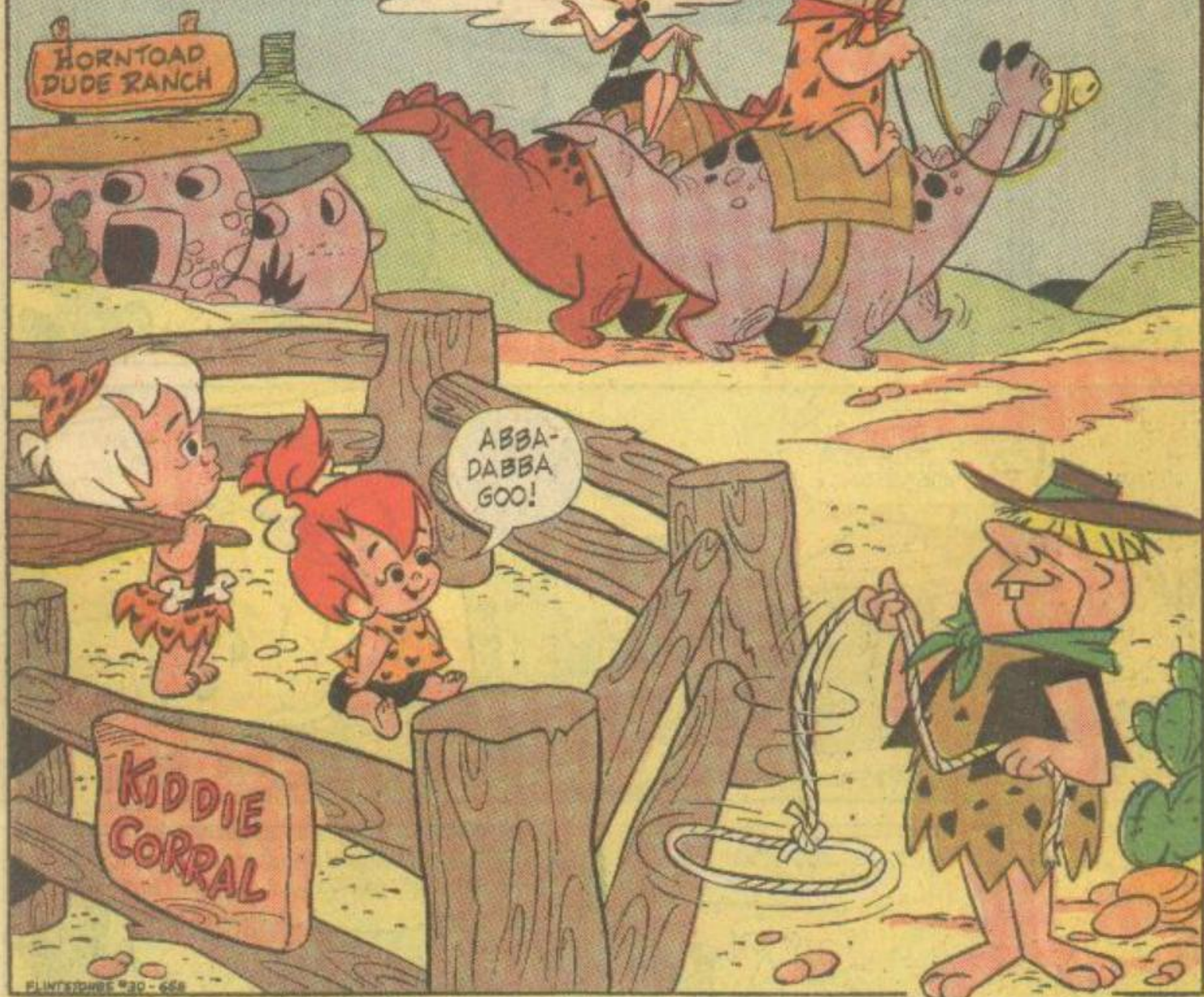
Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP

FRED AND WILMA
HAVE TAKEN PEBBLES
AND BAMB-BAMB
ALONG FOR A
VACATION AT THE
HORNTOAD DUDE
RANCH...

HAVE FUN
IN THAT COZY
KIDDIE-CORRAL,
KIDS!

WE'LL BE BACK
AFTER WE HAVE
A NICE LITTLE
HORSUS-SAURUS
RIDE
GIDDUP!



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BUT
BAMM-BAMM
HAD DREAMS
OF MORE
HE-MAN FUN
THAN THIS...

ABBA-
DABBA...
WAHOO!

CREAK!
CREAK!



HE FOR SURE DIDN'T COME TO
A WESTERN RANCH JUST TO
BAT A BALL AROUND...



BAMM-
BAMM!

WHAP!

TCH-TCH! YOU
SURE BASHED
THAT BALL INTO
THE YONDER
PARTS, SONNY!



DON'T CRY! I'LL
ROUND IT UP FOR
YOU, YOUNG'UN!

CRY? WHAT'S THAT?

SAY... THE COWBOY BABY
HERDER HAS LEFT HIS POST!



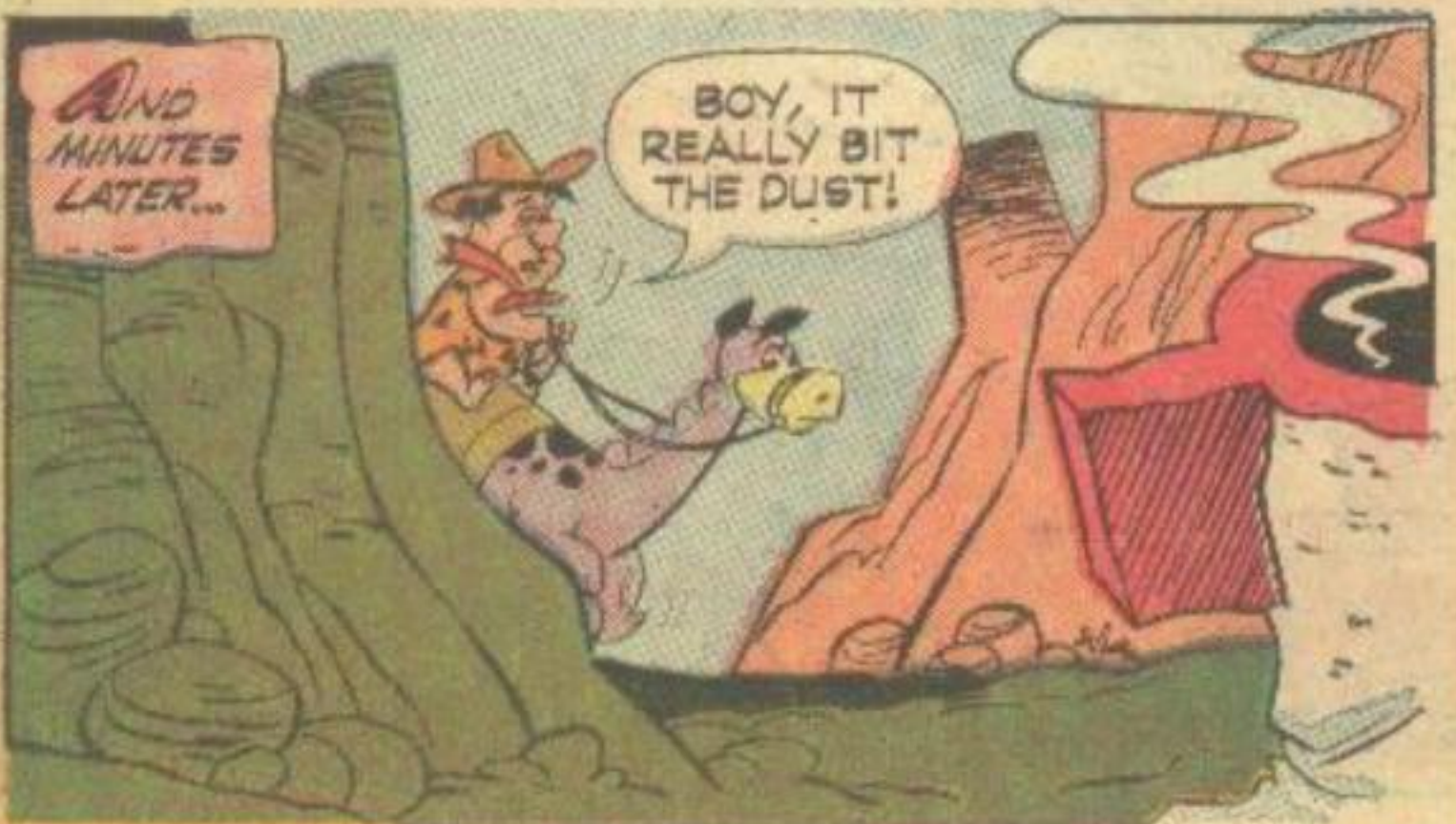
ABBA-
DABBA,
BAMM-
BAMM?

THIS BOY CAN'T BE
FENCED-IN...

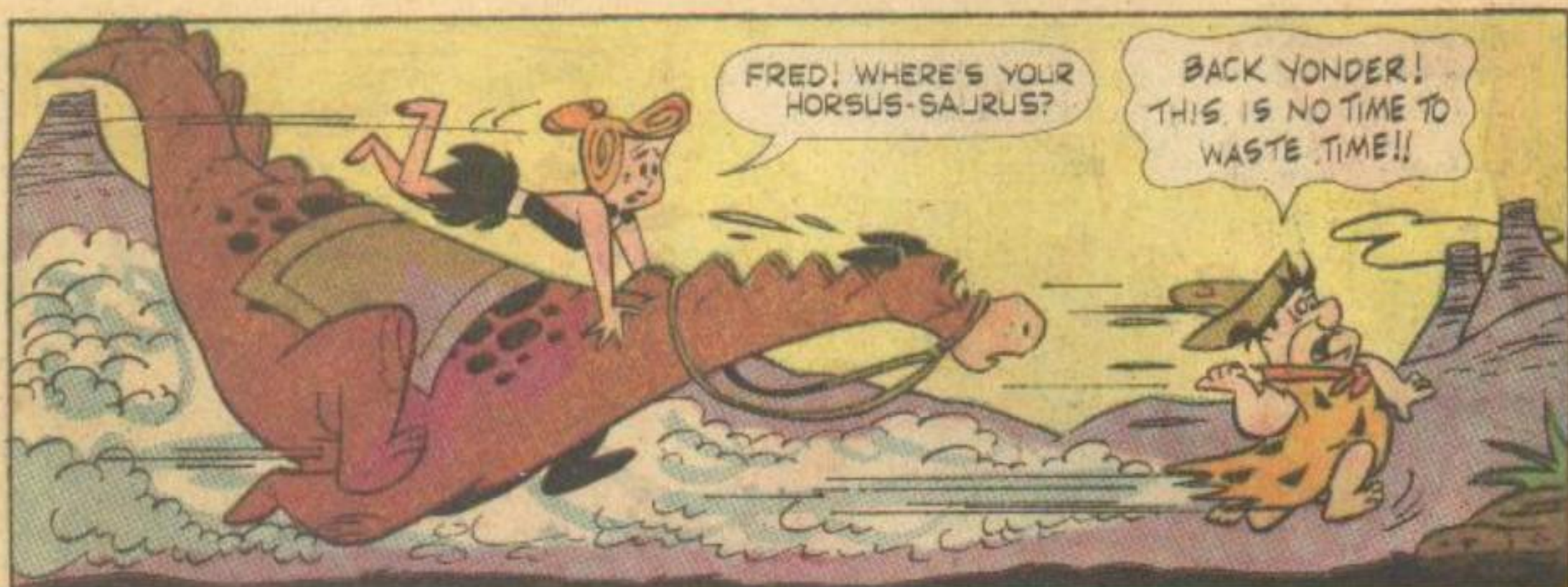


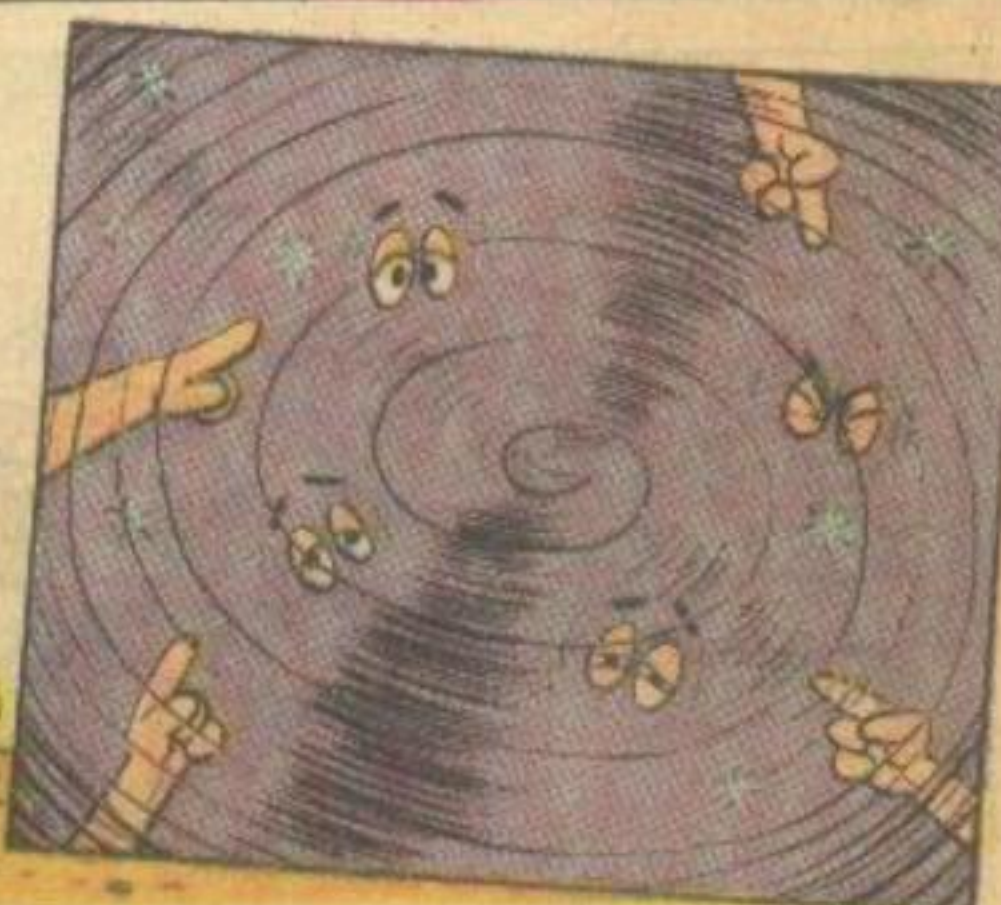
THERE MUST BE SOME WILD
INJUNS AROUND... LIKE ON TV...













THEN OFF HE GOES
INTO THE MILD BLUE
BEYONDER...

BAMM-
BAMM!



MEANWHILE,
BACK AT THE
RANCH...

FRED, THERE'S A
JEEP COMING!

OH
BOY...



H-HALP! MARTIANS HAVE
LANDED THEIR ROCKET SHIPS
OVER THERE!



RELAX, SIR... WE'RE FROM THE
NEIGHBORING ROCKET TESTING
GROUNDS! IT'S JUST ONE OF
OUR ROCKETS THAT WENT
ASTRAY OVER THIS WAY!



B-BUT MARTIANS
ARE HERE!

WHAT'LL
WE DO?

PUT ON
ANOTHER
DEMONSTRATION!



FWEEP!

SEE, FELLAS... SEE...
THERE'S ONE OF
THEM NOW!

ER... IT
IS AN ODD-
LOOKING
THING!

BUT SO ARE *SOME*
EARTHLINGS I KNOW!
HEH-HEH!



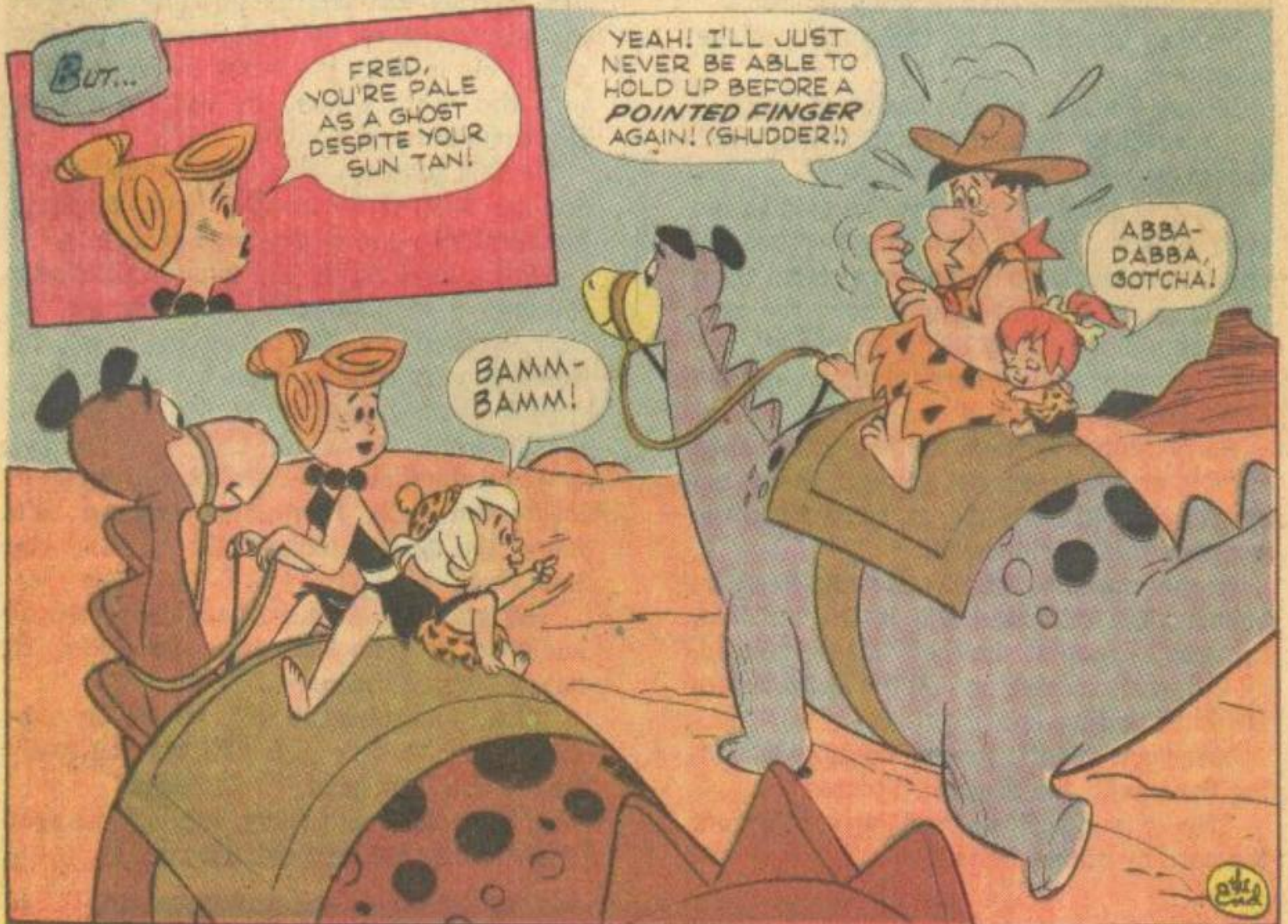












SMART-GUY SLEUTH



A group of the neighborhood children were in Perry Gunnite's office, listening to him explain modern crime detecting.

"The day of the tough-guy detective is over!" said Perry. "A modern-type private eye, like me, relies on his brains instead of his brawn! It's the day of the scientific sleuth who uses his head!"

Perry was very anxious to impress his little admirers as to how smart he really was. And, too, he wanted to counteract the image of TV detectives who solved more cases with fists than by using their heads.

"Let me give you an example," continued Perry. "I was on a case recently where . . ."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Perry Gunnite, private brain — I mean — eye, speaking!" he said. "What? When? Who? Yessir! Be right over!"

Hanging up the telephone, he said to his little guests, "Here's a chance to prove my point. A valuable gem has been stolen from the museum, and I'm going to solve the case by brains alone . . . by using my head."

"Then why are you carrying a gun and the brass knuckles?" asked one small boy.

Perry stopped, then grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, er, uh, I was just going to throw 'em away!" he said hurriedly, as he dumped the weapons in a wastebasket.

At the museum, the director told Perry he believed the thief was still in the building, because as soon as the theft was discovered, all exits were locked, and all the visitors were searched as they left.

"We want as little fuss as possible in finding the thief," the director directed.

"Never fear, sir!" assured Perry. "I'll solve the case by brains alone!"

He then began searching the museum for possible places where the thief could hide. He opened every case in the Mummy Room, examined each suit of armor in the Armor Wing, and looked under every bed and in every trunk in the Antique Exhibit, but he found no trace of the thief.

He kept on looking. Night came, and he had not found a clue that counted. He was walking around the corridors, wondering what to do next, when a voice called out: "Look out, mister! That floor's slippery!"

It was one of the janitors who was busy mopping the floors, but his warning came too late. Perry's feet started skidding wildly on the soapy surface, and the more he tried to regain his footing, the faster he slid — right into the room where the huge dinosaur skeletons were on exhibit!

His feet suddenly went out from under him and he slipped across the floor, crashing headfirst into one of the huge skeletons.

With a loud crash, the dinosaur skeleton fell into a mountainous pile of bones. As Perry groped his way out of the mess, he heard groans coming from the huge skull.

"Oh my goodness!" he gasped. "This thing is still alive!"

As he stared, a man crawled groggily from inside the skull. Perry then realized he'd found the thief's hiding place . . . and the thief, too.

The next day, at his office, Perry's eager audience of young admirers demanded to hear all about the case.

"Gee, you solved it with no gun or anything!" said a little girl. "I'll bet you really had to use your head, Mr Gunnite!"

"I sure did," said Perry, rubbing the spot where he had collided with the bones!

ROCKY and BULLWINKLE



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS SUPER-SITTER

WHAT'S THIS?
 ROCKY RANGER,
 PUBLIC HERO
 NUMBER ONE...
**BABY-
 SITTING,**
 OF ALL
 THINGS!!

HOW DID EVERYTHING
 GO, ROCKY?

JUST PEACHY,
 MRS. MARBLE!



AMAZING! USUALLY ADULT
 BABY SITTERS END UP
 CALLING THE POLICE!

HEH! YOUR
 SON, MEENIE,
 AND I HIT IT
 OFF OKAY!



I TOLD HIM HOW I CAUGHT THE
 SLAB-HILL MOB, AND HE'S BEEN
 SO BUSY IDOLIZING ME SINCE THEN
 THAT HE'S HAD NO TIME FOR
 MISCHIEF!



WELL, ANOTHER JOB ... ANOTHER
 JINGLE IN MY JEANS!

HI-HO, FLAPPY-SAURUS!

PEEP!



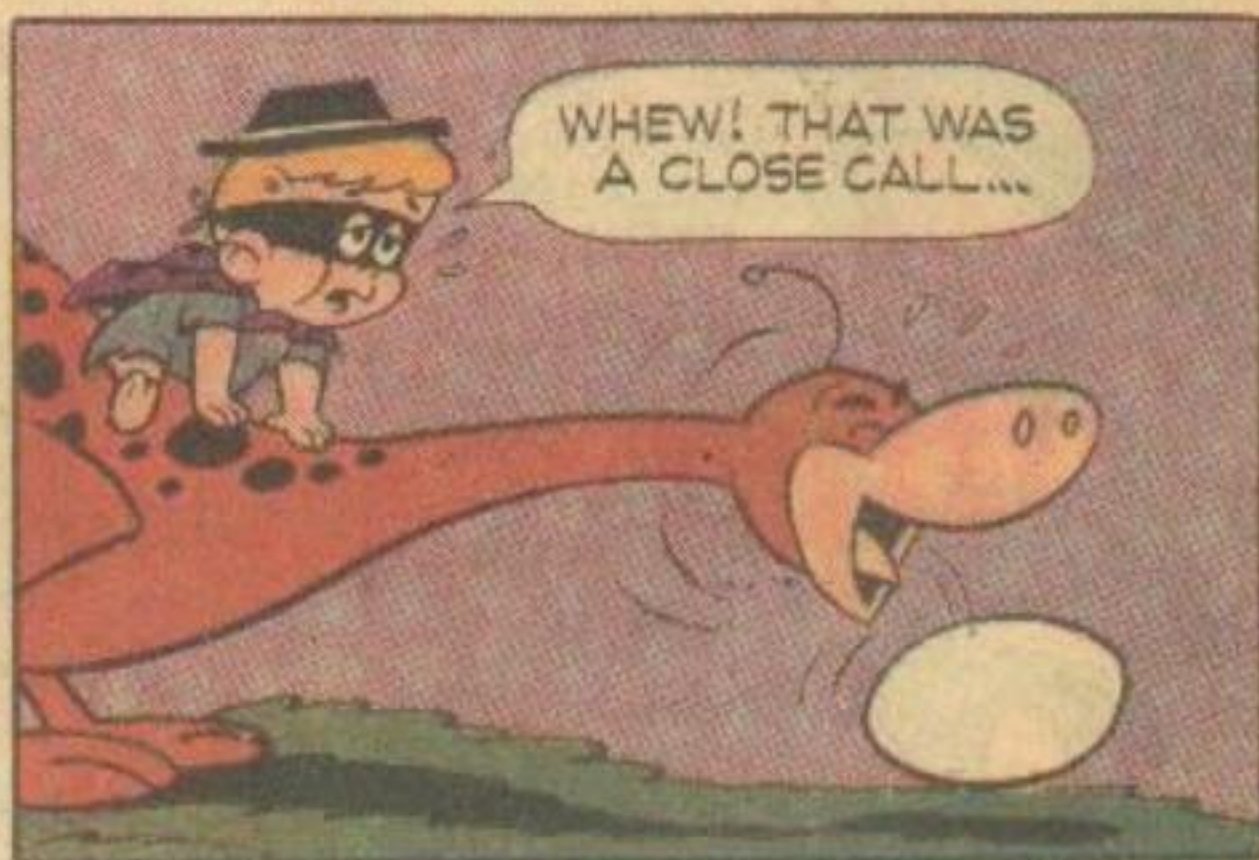
EH? MY GRAPEVINE
 PHONE IS TWITCHING...







IGZ?





HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH
ROUNDING UP...

TRIX ...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



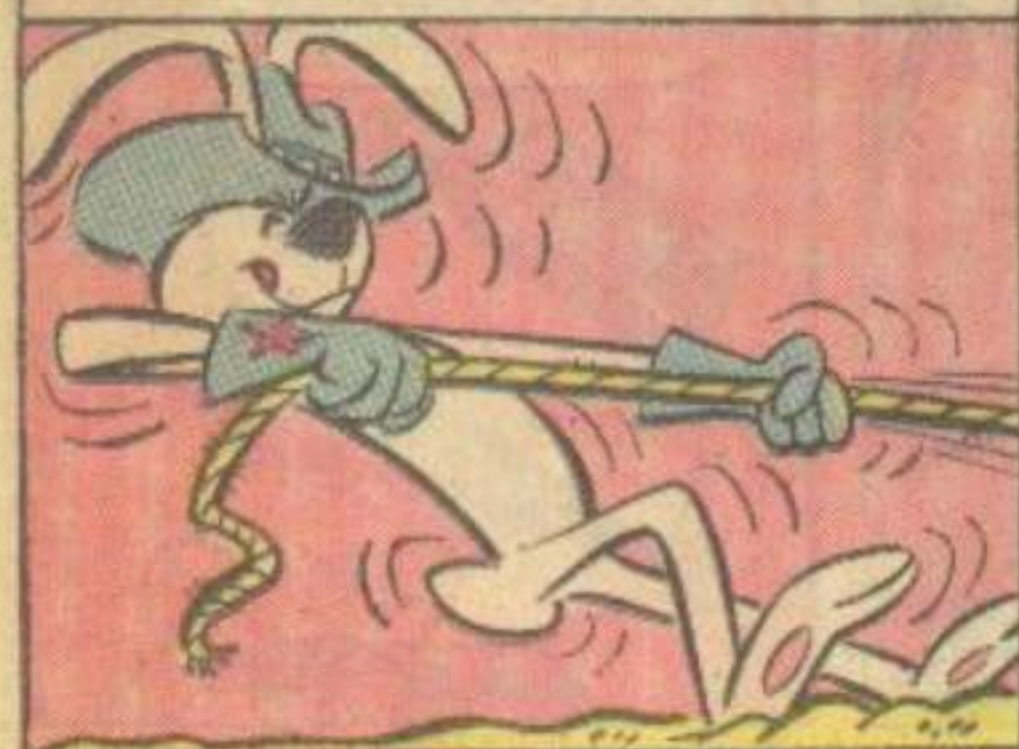
THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT...



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



BONANZA
DOCTOR SOLAR
DANIEL BOONE
MIGHTY SAMSON
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
KORAK, SON OF TARZAN
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
BORIS KARLOFF TALES OF MYSTERY

YOU GET MORE
ADVENTURE
AND
ACTION

TOTAL WAR
THE PHANTOM
THE LONE RANGER
TARZAN OF THE APES
TUROK, SON OF STONE
MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER
RIPLEY'S TRUE WAR STORIES
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

GOLD KEY COMICS

Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES TOO MANY CLUES













OW! MOMMY
MUST BE
TOUGH!

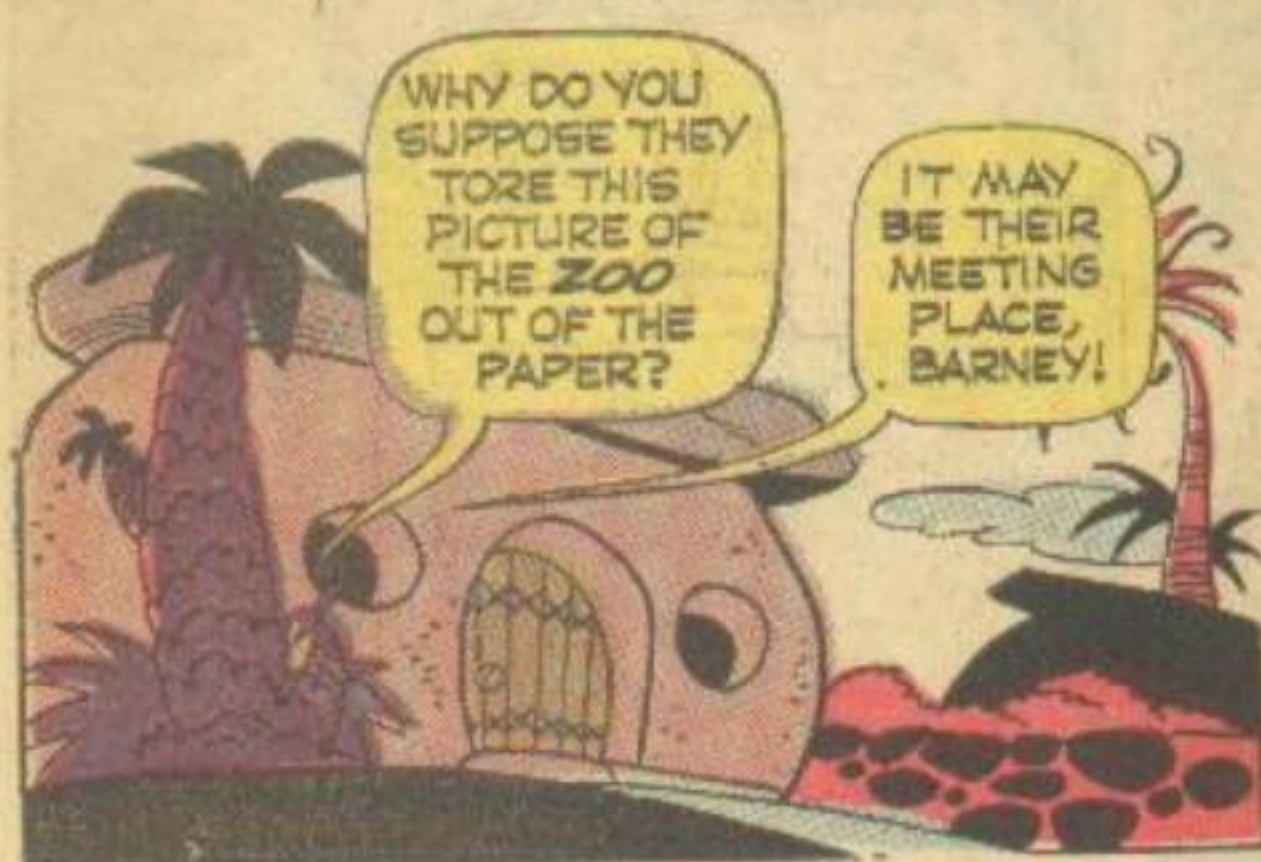


NOW WE'LL TAKE
A MAGNIFIED LOOK
AT THESE CLUES!



AMAZING! I
DIDN'T NOTICE
THIS SCRAP OF
NEWSPAPER
EARLIER!

HMM... A **RED
HAIR** ON THE
HAIRPIN! THE
CROOK'S MOLL
IS A
REDHEAD!



WHY DO YOU
SUPPOSE THEY
TORE THIS
PICTURE OF
THE **ZOO**
OUT OF THE
PAPER?

IT MAY
BE THEIR
MEETING
PLACE,
BARNEY!



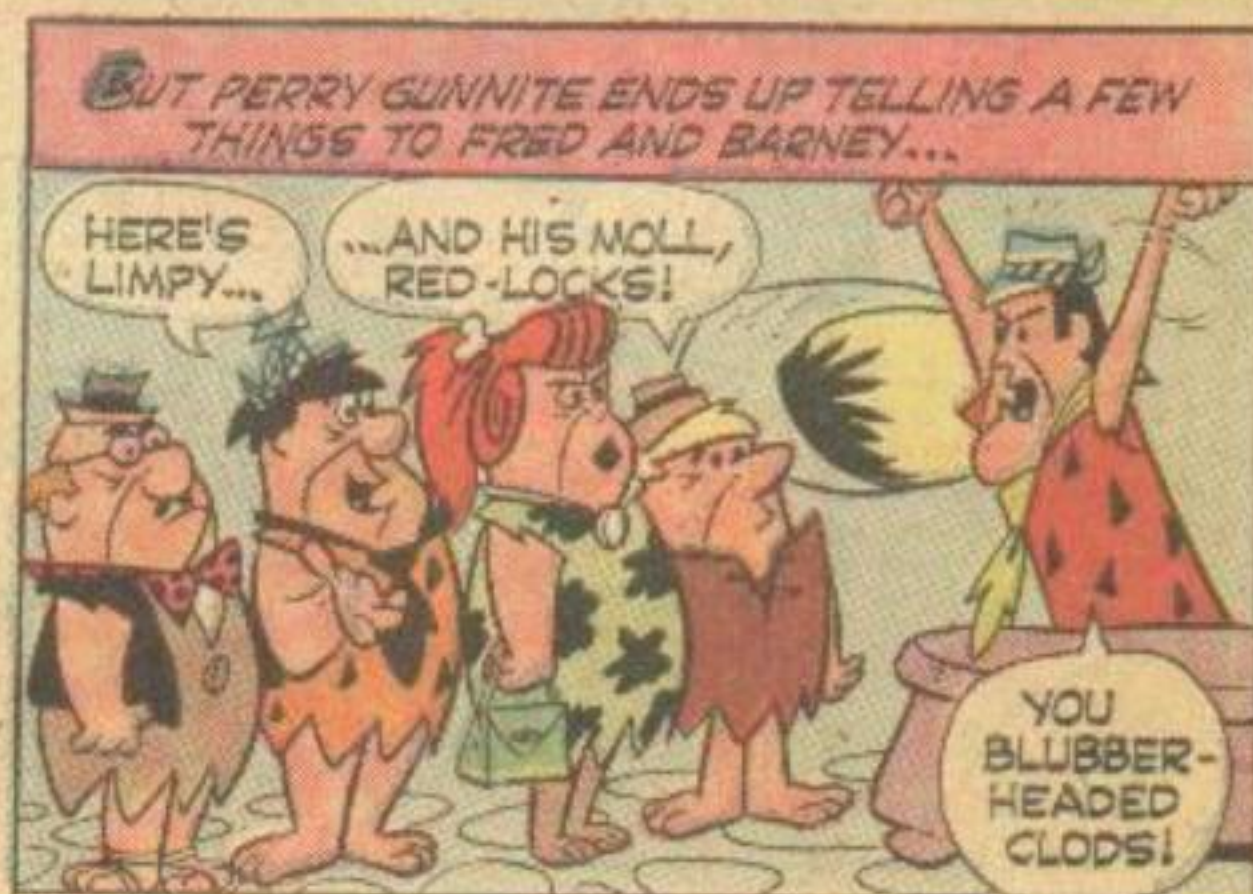
LET'S "STAKE OUT" AT
THE **ZOO**, AND SEE!

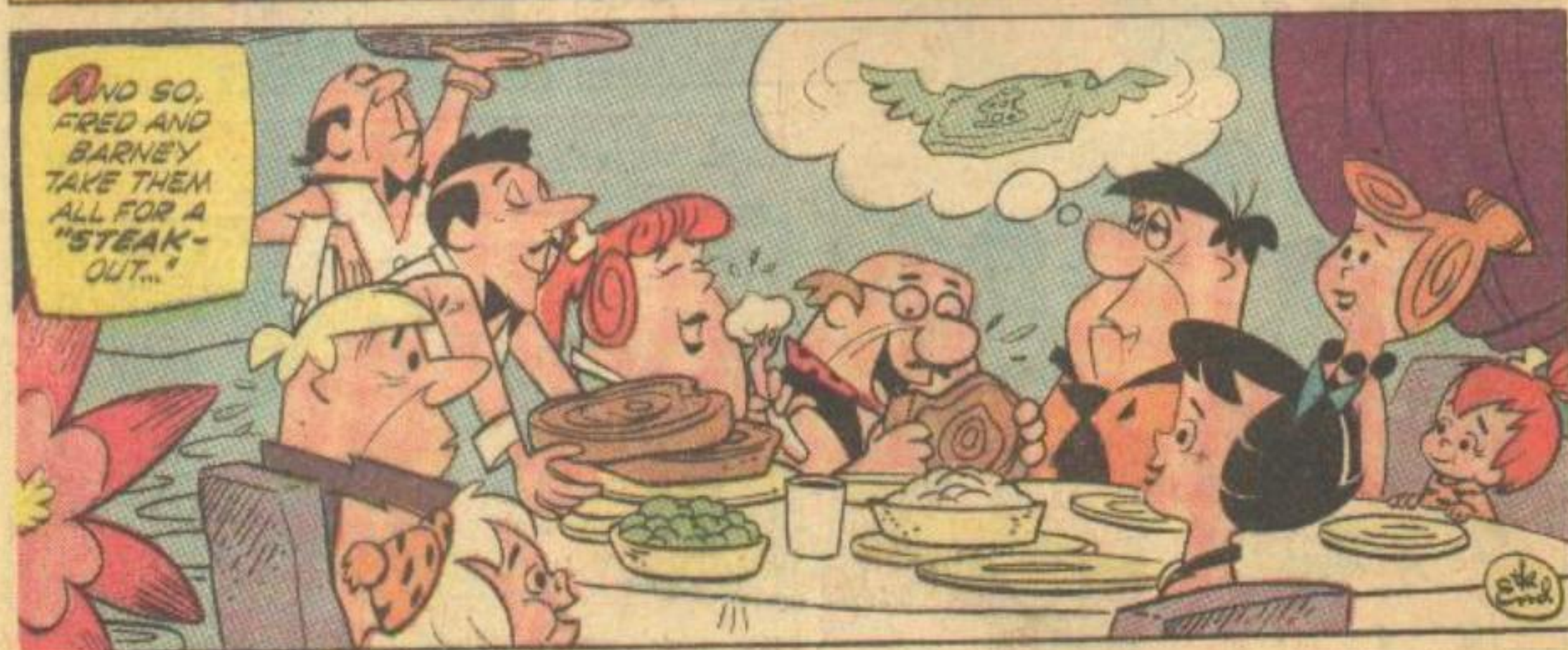


AND SO,
FRED AND
BARNEY
"STAKE
OUT" AT
THE
ZOO...

REMEMBER, A **CHUBBY** GUY
WHO LIKES TO EAT... AND
HE PROBABLY **LIMPS** SINCE
HE LOST HIS HEEL!

AND HIS
MOLL IS A
REDHEAD!





Hanna-Barbera

FRED and WILMA

BUT WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THE BED WE
ALREADY HAVE,
WILMA?

FURNITURE

OH, FRED... A CANOPY
BED IS HIGH-CLASS?

HMM...
HIGH-
CLASS,
EH?...

OKAY... I'LL
BUY IT!

